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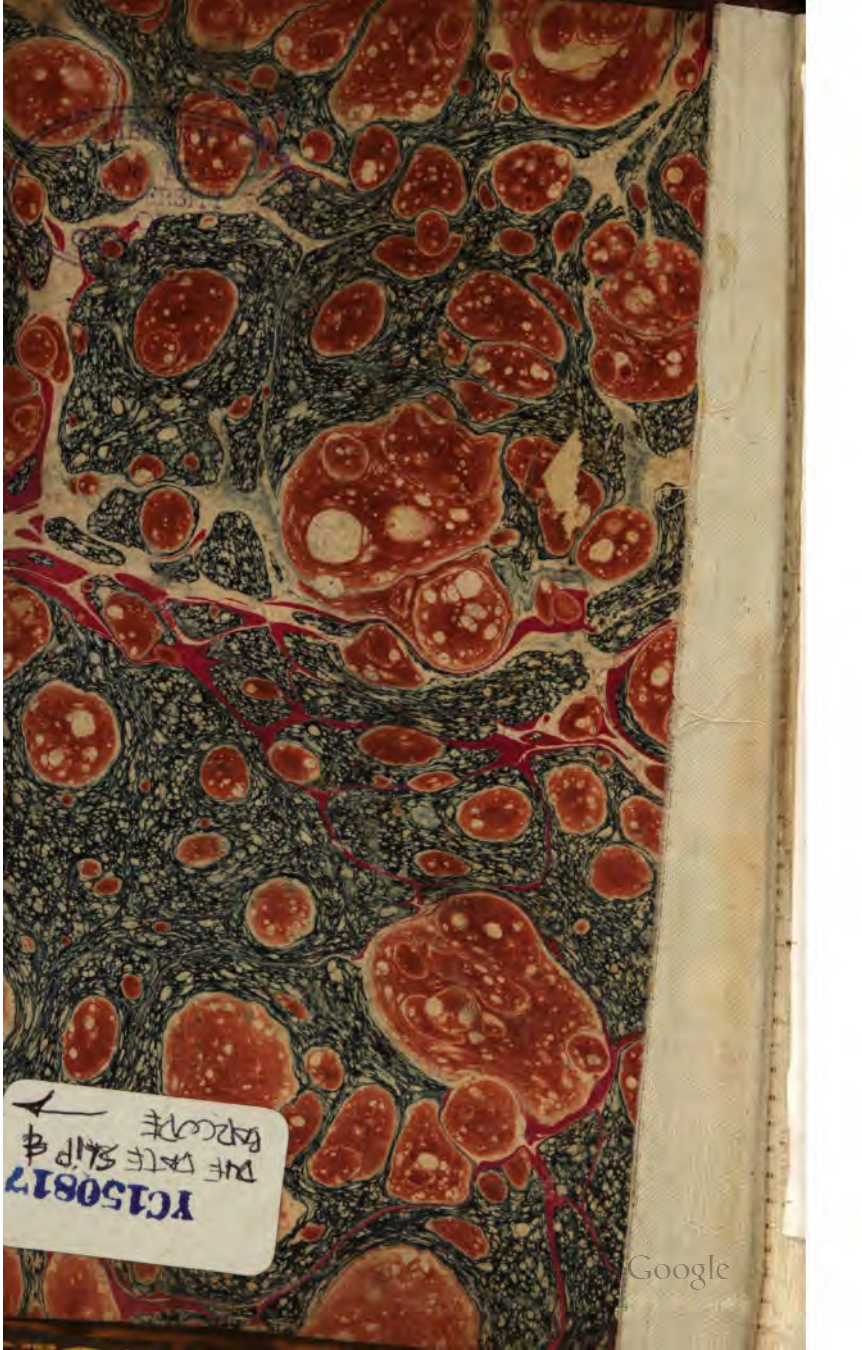
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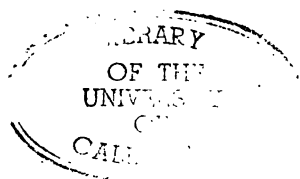


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Best Edition

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Miss Cripps
May 17th 1835

Jas. Wilson.



POETICAL WORKS

— of —
George Lord Lyttelton
— with Additions : —

To which is prefixed, an account of his Life.



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SKETCH OF THE LIFE

— by Dr. Johnson —
(but much
cut.)

OF

GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley, in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. He was educated at Eton, where he was so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his school-fellows.

From Eton he went to Christ-church, where he retained the same reputation of superiority, and displayed his abilities to the public in a poem on "Blenheim."

He was a very early writer, both in verse and prose. His "Progress of Love," and his "Persian Letters," were both written when he was very young.

He staid not long at Oxford; for in 1728 he began his travels, and saw France and Italy. When he returned, he obtained a seat in parliament, and soon distinguished himself among the most eager opponents of Sir Robert Walpole,

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though his father, who was commissioner of the admiralty, always voted with the court.

For many years the name of George Lyttelton was seen in every account of every debate in the house of commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the king to remove Walpole. His zeal was considered by the courtiers not only as violent, but as acrimonious and malignant; and when Walpole was at last hunted from his places, every effort was made by his friends, and many friends he had, to exclude Lyttelton from the secret committee.

The Prince of Wales, being (1737) driven from St. James's, kept a separate court, and opened his arms to the opponents of the ministry. Mr. Lyttelton became his secretary, and was supposed to have great influence in the direction of his conduct. He persuaded his master, whose business it was now to be popular, that he would advance his character by patronage. Mallet was made under-secretary, with 200*l.* and Thomson had a pension of 100*l.* a year. For Thomson, Lyttelton always retained his kindness, and was able at last to place him at ease.

Moore courted his favour by an apologetical poem, called "The Trial of Selim;" for this he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes, that were at last disappointed.

Lyttelton now stood in the first rank of opposition; and Pope, who was incited, it is not easy

▼

to say how, to increase the clamour against the ministry, commended him among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who, in the house, imputed to him as a crime his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious. Lyttelton supported his friend, and replied, that he thought it an honour to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet.

While he was thus conspicuous, he married (1741) Miss Lucy Fortescue of Devonshire, by whom he had a son, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity: but human pleasures are short; she died in childbed about five years afterwards, and he solaced his grief by writing a long poem to her memory.

He did not, however, condemn himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow; for, after awhile, he was content to seek happiness again, by a second marriage with the daughter of Sir Robert Rich; but the experiment was unsuccessful.

At length, after a long struggle, Walpole gave way, and honour and profit were distributed among his conquerors. Lyttelton was made (1744) one of the lords of the treasury; and from that time was engaged in supporting the schemes of the ministry.

Politics did not, however, so much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from things of more importance. He had, in the pride of juvenile

confidence, with the help of corrupt conversation, entertained doubts of the truth of christianity; but he thought the time now come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied himself seriously to the great question. His studies, being honest, ended in conviction. He found that religion was true, and what he had learned, he endeavoured to teach (1747), by "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;" a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer. This book his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his pleasure in a letter which deserves to be inserted.

"I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness which I don't doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time I shall never cease glorifying God, for having endowed you with such useful talents, and given me so good a son.

"Your affectionate father,

"THOMAS LYTTLETON."

A few years afterwards (1751), by the death of his father, he inherited a baronet's title, with a

large estate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn by a house of great elegance and expence, and by much attention to the decoration of his park.

As he continued his activity in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim to profit and preferment; and accordingly was made in time (1754) cofferer and privy counsellor: this place he exchanged next year for the great office of chancellor of the exchequer; an office, however, that required some qualifications which he soon perceived himself to want.

The year after, his curiosity led him into Wales; of which he has given an account, perhaps rather with too much affectation of delight, to Archibald Bower, a man of whom he had conceived an opinion more favourable than he seems to have deserved, and whom, having once espoused his interest and fame, he never was persuaded to disown.

About this time Lyttelton published his "Dialogues of the Dead," which were very eagerly read, and have been much admired.

His last literary production was his "History of Henry the Second," elaborated by the searches and deliberations of twenty years.

Lord Lyttelton had never the appearance of a strong or of a healthy man; he had a slender uncompact frame, and a meagre face; he lasted, however, sixty years, and was then seized with his last illness. Of his death a very affecting and in-

structive account has been given by his physician, which will spare me the task of his moral character.

“ On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship’s disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake.

“ His lordship’s bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently.

“ Though his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, ‘ It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life;’ yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

“ On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. He then pro-

ceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. ‘Doctor,’ said he, ‘you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not, at the time, think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.’

“At another time he said, ‘I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.’

“On the evening when the symptoms of death came on, he said, ‘I shall die; but it will not be your fault.’ When lord and lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, ‘Be good, be virtuous, my

lord; you must come to this.' Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, Aug. 22, when between seven and eight o'clock he expired, almost without a groan."

His lordship was buried at Hagley; and the following inscription is cut on the side of his lady's monument:

This unadorned stone was placed here
By the particular desire and express
Directions of the Right Honourable
GEORGE Lord LYTTLTON,
Who died August 22, 1773, aged 64.

The character of George Lord Lyttelton was held in universal estimation during his life, and his memory has been revered ever since his death. In the several characters of a judicious critic, an entertaining traveller, a wise and upright statesman, and a good man, his reputation is so decisively fixed, and so firmly established, that it can receive little additional lustre from encomium or panegyric; and is in no danger of suffering from the attacks of criticism or censure.

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P O E M S
OF
GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON.

B.





SOLILOQUY

OF A

BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL.

'T WAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
 ' Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
 To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 What worth have all the charms our pride can
 boast,
If all in envious solitude are lost? .

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:
 Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
 Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
 With ev'ry grace of nature or of art,
 We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
 The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
 To love, exceeds a squire's capacity.
 The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere;
 That is our heaven, and we are angels there:
 In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove;
 The court of Britain is the court of Love.
 How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
 How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
 At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see
 The homage due to empire paid to me!
 When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
 And dreaded mine more than the monarch's
 frown;
 When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
 Less jealous in their power than in their love.
 Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
 Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
 Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.

In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 Supinely calm and dully innocent :
 Unbless'd I wear my useless time away,
 Sleep, wretched maid ! all night, and dream all day ;
 Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
 For dulness ever must be regular :
 Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
 Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
 Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 Secure from meeting any tempter there ;
 From books to work from work to books I rove,
 And am, alas ! at leisure to improve.—
 Is this the life a beauty ought to lead ?
 Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?
 These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would
 glow,

Are these of use for nothing but to sew ?
 Sure erring nature never could design
 To form a housewife in a mould like mine ?
 O Venus ! queen and guardian of the fair,
 Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer ;
 Let me revisit the dear town again,
 Let me be seen !—Could I that wish obtain, }
 All other wishes my own power would gain. }

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

UNCERTAINTY.

ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE! to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,
 The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
 While yet thy muse, content with humbler praise,
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays,
 Tho' now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
 Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing,
 Wilt thou with me revisit once again
 The crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
 Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
 The various changes of a lover's state;
 And while each turn of passion I pursue,
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
 Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,

Young Damon came, unknowing where he
stray'd,

Full of the image of his beauteous maid ;
His flock far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey ;
No sense of int'rest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
But tho' his voice was mute his looks complain'd ;
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

'Ye nymphs!' he cry'd, 'ye dryads! who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song ;
For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Tho' wild Ambition and destructive Rage
No factions here can form, no wars can wage ;
Tho' Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest ;

With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

‘ Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
Then too she smil'd; can smiles our peace de-
stroy,

Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy
peace;

Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flatt'ring Memory! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
Confirm her power and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band, /
To me alone she gave her willing hand;

Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
 Still in my song found something to admire;
 By none but her my crook with flowers was
 crown'd,

By none but her my brows with ivy bound;
 The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
 The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.

When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
 In words as soft as passion could inspire,
 Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
 The frightened hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
 Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
 Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.

Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid!
 To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
 But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
 Or did you only nurse my growing love
 That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 In such a gentle, such a generous mind:

A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
 No; let me rather think her anger feign'd;
 Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd.
 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.'

Pleas'd with this flattering thought the love-
 sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy,
 Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.



HOPE.

ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD
MELCOMBE REGIS.

HEAR, Doddington! the notes that shepherds
sing,

Like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
From Love alone their melody proceeds;
From Love, Theocritus on Enna's plains
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart;
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join*.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton*.

'Blest be the hour,' he said, 'that happy hour,
 When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power!
 Then gloomy discontent and pining care
 Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
 Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
 Delightful languors and transporting fires.
 Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
 These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
 There she appear'd on that auspicious day
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
 She led the dance—Heavens! with what grace
 she mov'd!

Who could have seen her then and not have lov'd?
 I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 But glory'd in a happy captive's name,
 Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
 But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

'And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
 Can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy?
 Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
 Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
 Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy
 cheek?
 Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?

Why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
 The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 Delia! who now compassionates my woes,
 Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
 Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

' Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
 A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
 A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 Giv'n with forc'd anger and disguis'd content.
 No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
 Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows;
 Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
 I from her lips my recompence require.

' Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
 Light gales have chas'd the late impending
 shower;
 Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
 Oppos'd its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
 Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
 The birds renew their songs on every spray!

Come forth, my love ! thy shepherd's joys to
crown :

All nature smiles—will only Delia frown ?

‘ Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flower of every sweet they drain :
See how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep :
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
If with my fond desires my love comply ;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

‘ Ah how, my dear ! shall I deserve thy charms ?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold ;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries name ;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat :
Accept of this ; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;

If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
 On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine.
 But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
 Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;
 The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
 Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
 swain.

For him each blue-ey'd naiad of the flood,
 For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
 Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
 His music calls to dance the night away.
 And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
 With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
 I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
 And let her often hear her shepherd's name :
 Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
 And shew my merits in the fairest light ;
 My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 And every friend shall claim a different lay.

‘ But see ! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair
 Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
 Ah ! thither let me fly with eager feet :
 Adieu, my pipe ! I go my love to meet—

O may I find her as we parted last,
And may each future hour be like the past !
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed.'



JEALOUSY.

ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear:
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;
 Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
 For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
 Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress,
 Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—

c

The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields ;
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood ;
 Here half-conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
 A castle there the opening plain commands ;
 Beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound :
 So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain ;
 But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart :
 His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
 The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
 Then cry'd, ' May all thy charms, ungrateful
 maid !

Like these neglected roses droop and fade !
 May angry heaven deform each guilty grace
 That triumphs now in that deluding face !
 Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
 And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I !

' Say, thou inconstant ! what has Damon done,
 To lose the heart his tedious pains had won ?

Tell me what charms you in my rival find
 Against whose power no ties have strength to
 bind?

Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
 To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
 Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
 And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?
 Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
 He pleas'd you by not studying to please;
 His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
 And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

‘ O pain to think! another shall possess
 Those balmy lips which I was wont to press!
 Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 And catch sweet madness from her swimming
 eye!—

I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
 Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,
 Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
 Where'er they pass'd be blasted every flower,
 And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—

Ah, wretched swain! could no examples move
 Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
 Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas* dy'd,
 A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
 Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
 And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
 Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
 These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
 There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would
 find,

And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
 No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid;
 Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 Alas! what aid, fond swain! wouldst thou re-
 ceive?

Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
 Protect her, Heaven! and let her never know
 The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
 I ask no vengeance from the powers above,
 All I implore is never more to love.—

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast,
 Weary'd at length I seek thy downy rest :
 No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
 Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye sylvans, hear,
 What by your guardian deities I swear ;
 No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 No more I'll court the trait'ress to my arms ;
 Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 And she shall find that reason conquers love !

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn
 below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go ;
 At once transported he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow !)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew ;
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION.

ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM! to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
 Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning
 plains :
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once
 were dear,
 Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy
 mind,
 When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night :
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er ;
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood,



Designed by E.F. Burney.

Engraved by J. C. Gyer.

To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
 In friendly league to favour human kind.
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
 The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd ;
 Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
 Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
 Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.
 Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
 To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid :
 ' Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd
 shrine

My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
 While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove !
 And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
 Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
 Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
 As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.

' O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
 O shade more charming than the fairest light!

Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 Then all my pains one moment overpaid ;
 Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
 Thou too, bright goddess! once in Ida's grove
 Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love:
 With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
 Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade :
 Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
 And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

' What are you now, my once most valu'd joys?
 Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
 Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

' Ye Muses! skill'd in every winning art,
 Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
 Ye nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring,
 And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
 On all her days let health and peace attend ?
 May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
 May some new pleasure every hour employ,
 But let her Damon be her highest joy!

' With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
 All night caress thee, and admire all day;
 In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
 To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
 Together will we share the harvest toils,
 Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
 Delightful state! where peace and love combine
 To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
 Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
 Here rising forests lift their verdant heads,
 Here let me wear my careless life away,
 And in thy arms insensibly decay.

' When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
 And our slow pulses dance with joy no more,
 When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
 And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair,
 Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
 At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath!
 May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
 Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
 Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse;
 And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
 Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.'

BLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
IN THE YEAR 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand ; Britain, who sent him
forth

Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame :
A trophy of success ; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great de-
sign.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious ! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed !
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest
praise,

The hero or the people ? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt
Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,

When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
 A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English
 arm

Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite; and know,
 Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
 Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
 His purple wave; and there the Granick flood
 With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
 With glorious competition; equal both

In valour and in fortune : but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought;
 This to *SUBDU*e, and that to *FREE* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood
 The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
 Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.
 But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn! Silent a while and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls

In loud cascades ; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement past
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt : indulgent
Heaven
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind

Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
 Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
 In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd :
 Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
 In friendly union they together shone,
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
 Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
 Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
 Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and soothes her woe
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
 Of yon ærial pillar, proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
 And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,
 The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
 Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestick, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
 A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd

A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand;
 Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
 Of malice impotent, beseeching ill
 A regal breast, has level'd to the ground :
 Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
 Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
 How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how
 repaid

His services. Nor shall the constant love
 Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
 In dark oblivion : that shall be the theme
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
 First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
 Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
 Of travellers approaching shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With reverence due. Such honour does the
 Muse

Obtain her favourites.— But the noble pile
 (My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
 Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
 Dwell'st in the palaces of Heaven, entron'd
 Among the demi-gods, deign to defend

This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd ;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame ;
That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue ; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

TO

*THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH**,

AT OXFORD.

WRITTEN FROM PARIS IN THE YEAR 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?
 How different from our modern guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
 How the same hands that tyrants durst controul
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind?

* Dr. A. was his lordship's tutor at Oxford, and afterwards his brother-in-law, by marrying his sister, and died Dean of Bristol, 1763.

Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire;
 Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
 And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows;
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tutoress of protecting Rome?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and dose,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose;
 But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;

Nor vext with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
 Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster * thus supports his drooping
 age,

Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
 He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied †,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then, and now her
 mildest guide.

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
 To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:

* Dr. Hough.

† An allusion, probably, to the manly opposition which Dr. Hough (when President of Magdalen College, Oxon.) made to a commission which James II. sent to impose a catholic fellow upon that learned body. See *Seward's Anecdotes*, 4th edit. vol. II. p. 353.

Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
 Learn, not to flatter nor insult the crown;
 Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the LAW OF LOVE by fear.
 The priest who plagues the world can never
 mend :

No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
 The useful science of the world to know,
 Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
 Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:

Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
 In courts a mean, in camps a generous band ;
 From each low tool of power, content receive
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
 Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest;
 Though plunder'd, gay ; industrious, though oppressed)

With happy follies rise above their fate,
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
 In the short sun-shine of a favouring court :
 Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
 Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ:
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
 By flattering incense to his master's fame.
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;
 By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
 Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
 Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire !
 Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;
 Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' opprest and poor ;
 Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
 And painted triumphs style ambition GREAT *.
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew † ;
 Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried !)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ‡ :
 Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
 In the wild riot of unbounded power ;
 Where feverish debauch and impious love
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;

* The Victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

‡ St. Cloud.

Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
 From present joys to dearer left behind !
 O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat !
 At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat ;
 At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns.
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
 No power can ravish from th' industrious swain ?
 When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
 That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth ?
 When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
 Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet, oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;
 Bids me contemplate every state around,
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;
 Bids their lost rights, their ruined glories, see ;
 And tells me, These, like England, once were
 free !

TO

MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS,
IN 1728.

WRITTEN AT PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts
guide ;

Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good ;

Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat ?

Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own ;

That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,

No care might ruffle thy unbended mind ?

Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
 By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
 On flowery couches slumbers life away,
 And gently bids his active powers decay:
 Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
 And shuns renown as much as infamy.
 But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
 To private leisure public virtue bears;
 Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
 And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
 Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
 And crowns propitious his declining head;
 In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
 For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing!
 Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
 Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
 And round the bower, where humbly great he
 lies,
 Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
 The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
 When Peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
 Secure repose and careless leisure bring;

Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
 The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
 Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
 Contemplative and quiet happiness:
 Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
 And painful merit paid with sweet content.
 Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
 Though wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul,
 One dearer bliss remains to be possest,
 That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
 Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell ;
 The point to which our sweetest passions move
 Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
 This is the charm that smooths the troubled
 breast,

Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
 Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
 E'en while I write, the name of Love inspires
 More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
 Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
 And every tender verse more sweetly flows.

Dull is the privilege of living free ;
 Our hearts were never form'd for liberty :
 Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
 Can best defend them from consuming care.
 In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
 And Nature in her rural works admire ;
 Though grateful these, yet these but faintly
 charm ;
 They may delight us, but can never warm.
 May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
 With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire ;
 And teach thee that soft science, which alone
 Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known !
 Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
 To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
 And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breaths
 Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
 Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
 For Heaven shall ratify what they reveal :

' A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
 With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd ;
 Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
 Distinguish'd only by their softer dress :

Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share ;
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise ;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
 prove,
That happiness is near allied to love.'



VERSES

TO BE

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE

OF

MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall
find

A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distrest to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to
know

What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;

That fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.



AN

EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has
wove

The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;
For now no more these climes their influence
boast,

Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty!
Nor Baiæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;

To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate :
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled ;
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind ;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd ;

Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering
 stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ;
 Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise :

‘ Stranger,’ he said, ‘ whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his master bear :

“ Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
 Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner satire dim the rays
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;

In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
 Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine.

“ Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting column to thy country's praise;
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
 And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
 Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd ;
 Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
 But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

“ If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire ;
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.”

TO

LORD HERVEY.**IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.**

*Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est ;
 Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

HORACE.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend ;
 Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
 Return'd at length to his own native shore.
 From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine ?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
 The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style ;

At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
 In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
 Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
 Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
 But, in its proper channels gliding fair,
 A common benefit, which all may share.
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their
 search is vain.

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
 Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
 Which with but **THINKING RIGHT** were ours at
 home.

For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
 The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,

From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears ;
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions
 flow,

Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
 Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
 What from unthinking folly we endure?
 Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;
 In generous love of others good, to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere ;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious
 fear:

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
 This was the sovereign good they justly sought ;
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy:
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire;

But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Veian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought ;
Undazzled every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free ;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part ;
But be a country gentleman at heart.



ADVICE TO A LADY.

1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
 Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
 What female vanity might fear to know :
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere :
 But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
 Women, like princes, find few real friends:
 All who approach them their own ends pursue;
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
 Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
 Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
 When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
 For this, the toilet every thought employs,
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule :
 And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven !
 How few with all their pride of form can move !
 How few are lovely, that are made for love !
 Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
 An elegance of mind as well as dress ;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please
 By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain :
 Of those who claim it more than half have none ;
 And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :

For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
A CUNNING WOMAN IS A KNAVISH FOOL.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
 At ministers, because they wish their place.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene ;
 Without, all beauty ; and all peace within :
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
 Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great :
 A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
 One only care your gentle breasts should move,
 Th' important business of your life is love ;

- To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
With caution chuse ! but then be fondly kind
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven ;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless :
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
Not loving FIRST, but loving WRONG, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power :
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most:

Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
 The honest warmth of undissembled love;
 For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
 Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
 That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied,
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 If angry Fortune on their union frown:
 Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
 Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
 And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
 While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
 Than sell your violated charms for gain;
 Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
 For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
 Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey :
 Nor aught avails the specious name of WIFE ;
 A maid so wedded is A WHORE FOR LIFE.

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring
 Heaven

Has equal love and easy fortune given,
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done :
 The prize of happiness must still be won :
 And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
 The LOVER in the HUSBAND may be lost ;
 The GRACES might ALONE his heart ALLURE ;
 THEY and the VIRTUES MEETING must SECURE.

Let e'en your PRUDENCE wear the pleasing dress
 Of care for HIM, and anxious TENDERNESS.
 From kind concern about his weal or woe,
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
 The HOUSEHOLD SCEPTRE if he bids you bear,
 Make it your pride his SERVANT to appear :
 Endearing thus the common acts of life,
 The MISTRESS still shall charm him in the WIFE ;
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :

E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known :
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy ;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.



SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?



SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

F

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.



DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

 DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
 What means this cloud upon your brow?
 Have I offended? Tell me how!—
 Some change has happen'd in your heart,
 Some rival there has stol'n a part;
 Reason these fears may disapprove:
 But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
 At Belvidera's feet you lay?
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
 And every trifling beauty rais'd,

As if you meant to let me see
 Your flattery is not all for me?
 Alas! too well your sex I knew,
 Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
 When your own orders I obey'd;
 You bid me try, by this deceit,
 The notice of the world to cheat,
 And hide, beneath another name,
 The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
 But let me wish it had been less;
 Too well the lover's part you play'd,
 With too much art your court you made;
 Had it been only art, your eyes
 Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
 With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
 While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
 To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.



ODE,

IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

(O primavera gioventu del anno.)

WRITTEN ABROAD IN 1729.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
 At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
 The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing!

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possess;
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
 But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the
green,

Though on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance
bear ;

Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
From thee while absent I in exile rove ;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

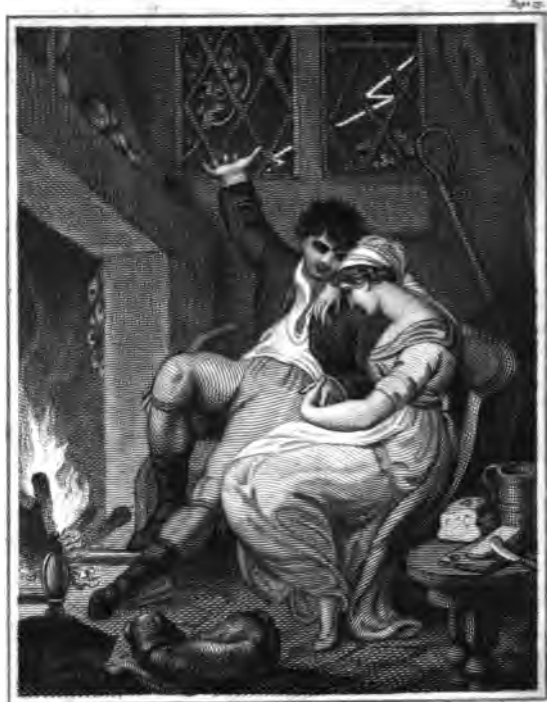


PARTS OF
AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS,

TRANSLATED, 1729-30.

(Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.)

LET others heap of wealth a shining store;
 And, much possessing, labour still for more;
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
 Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
 Humbly secure, and indolently blest;
 Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
 I'll waste the wintery hours in social mirth;
 In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
 In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
 And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
 With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower,



Burney del.

Dodley sculp.

At night, how soothing would it be to hear;
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
 Or, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour,
 Slumber assisted by the beating shower!
 Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves,
 In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
 While I, contented with my little store,
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
 But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
 Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat:
 For what reward so rich could Fortune give,
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
 Let Great Messalla shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
 Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
 Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
 With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
 How would I slight Ambition's painful praise;
 How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
 The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
 On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
 How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair one's side,
 Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,

Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
 Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.
 Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
 For all the honours prosperous war can give;
 Though through the vanquish'd East he spread
 his fame,

And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
 Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him
 bleed,

With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
 No pomps like these my humble vows require;
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
 Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
 Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold!
 Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
 Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
 But ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
 Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
 Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death nor parting should employ
 Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:

We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
 All care, all bus'ness, but delightful Love.
 Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
 This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which Pity and Esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?

Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that Love molest;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT

MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM,

WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. G——LLE...

IN AUGUST, 1735.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,
 Not all its wealth or pride
 Could tempt me from the charms that crown
 Thy rural flowery side :

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
 The Muses' green retreat,
 With every smile of Nature grac'd,
 With every art complete.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
 Enchants us here no more!
 Their darling glory lost too long
 Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

Yet still, for beauteous G——lle's sake,
 The Muses here remain;
 G——lle, whose eyes have power to make
 A Pope of every swain.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair :
 But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

TO

MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740. .

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd,
 Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
 But better in thy mind.
 To both, from courts and all their state,
 Eager I fly, to prove
 Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
 Tranquillity and Love.

TO

MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd,

I sung my am'rous strains :

No serious love my bosom fir'd ;

Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,

The idly-mournful tale believ'd,

And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me

For having feign'd so well,

Has made my heart so fond of thee,

That not the whole Aonian choir

Can accents soft enough inspire,

Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be express'd,

In these soft numbers see ;

But, Lucy, would you know the rest,

It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.



TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
 Where all the letters of my absent fair
 (His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd:

In every word a magic spell I found
 Of power to charm each busy thought to rest,
 Though every word increas'd the tender wound
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
 And loses every sorrow at the sight;
 Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
 Entire contentment, or secure delight.

Ah ! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
 Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
 Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
 My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

Not one kind word shall in my power remain;
 A painful witness of reproach to thee;
 And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
 My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A

PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

TO THE SAME.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,
 These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious
 take.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

G

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone;
No other wish, nor other object knows;
Oh ! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart secure repose !

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
No walls of brass, no steel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
LOVE'S SUREST FORT, and I will doubt no more.



TO THE SAME ;

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
 E'en when he sigh'd in rhyme;
 The lovely maid his ~~flame~~ return'd,
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
 In secret shades his fair to meet,
 Beneath th' accustom'd lime:
 She would have fondly met him there,
 And heal'd with love each tender care,
 But that she had not time.

' It was not thus, inconstant maid,
 You acted once,' (the shepherd said)
 ' When love was in its prime:'
 She griev'd to hear him thus complain ;
 And would have writ, to ease his pain,
 But that she had not time.

How can you act so cold a part?
 No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
 If love be not a crime.—
 We soon must part for months, for years—
 She would have answer'd with her tears,
 But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the
 same,
 Still the bright object of my constant flame;
 But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
 With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul?
 Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that Love alone inspires?
 These, these are lost; and I behold no more
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet, still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
 I ought, but dare not, try to love you less;
 Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can
 move,
 Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no
 more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before :
 I say to my heart, ' Be at rest, and believe
 That whom once she has chosen she never will
 leave.'

But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
 My heart beats again; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
 love ;
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
 For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.



AN

IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
 What is the charm that each successive year,
 Which sees me with my Lucy here,
 Can thus to my transported heart
 A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
 From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?
 Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
 Of rural bliss, was here before:

Oft have I met her on the verdant side
 Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
 Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
 Array'd in all her flowery pride.
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
 No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?
 Four times has the revolving sun
 His annual circle through the zodiac run;
 Since all that Love's indulgent power
 On favour'd mortals can bestow,
 Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
 Was yielded to my longing arms;
 And round our nuptial bed,
 Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
 Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
 Of innocent desires,
 While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
 Whence then this strange increase of joy
 He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
 (If such another happy man there be)
 Has by his own experience tried
 How much **THE WIFE** is dearer than **THE BRIDE**.



TO THE

MEMORY OF THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY.

A. D. 1747.

*Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;

Of grief surpassing every other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more :
 Nor will she now with fond delight :
 And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice ;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring :
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute

Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song :
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell ;
 For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes
 excel.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ?
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found :
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample
 bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?

Your bright inhabitant is lost.

You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts

Where female vanity might wish to shine,

The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.

Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:

To your sequester'd dales

And flower-embroider'd vales

From an admiring world she chose to fly:

With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,

The silent paths of wisdom trod,

And banish'd every passion from her breast,

But those, the gentlest and the best,

Whose holy flames with energy divine

The virtuous heart enliven and improve;

The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,

Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns

By your delighted mother's side,

Who now your infant steps shall guide?

Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care

To every virtue would have form'd your youth,

And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father! left alone,

To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
woe,

And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,

Perform the duties that you doubly owe!

Now she, alas! is gone,

From folly and from vice their helpless age to
save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate

From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;

From these fond arms, that vainly strove

With hapless ineffectual love

To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?

Could not your favouring power, Aonian
maids,

Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,

For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,

Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,

You open'd all your sacred store,

Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit
 glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where || Meles or § Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be
 left.

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of *Virgil*.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of *Propertius*.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where *Horace* had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence *Homer*, supposed to be
 born on its banks, is called *Melesigenes*.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and
 Rome ;
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce ;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now con-
 sign'd ?

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis your's from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.

Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
 tomb:
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
 How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
 spoke!
 Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts
 agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the softening influence
 Of more than female tenderness:



Burney del.

Angus sculp.

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,

Her kindly-melting heart,

To every want and every woe,

To Guilt itself when in distress,

The balm of pity would impart,

And all relief that bounty could bestow!

E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life

Beneath the bloody knife,

Her gentle tears would fall,

Tears from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,

But strong and elevated was her mind;

A spirit that with noble pride

Could look superior down

On Fortune's smile or frown;

That could without regret or pain

To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice

Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;

That, injur'd or offended, never tried

Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit that, temperately bright,

With inoffensive light

H

All pleasing shone; nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
 tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head :
 From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian
 queen.
 But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,

•

A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows:
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,
 and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may e'en things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity
 move.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.

In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain :
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
 could raise.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me, every friend;
 Your kind assistance lend,
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each favourite author we together read
 My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
 dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!—
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will
 obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,

Is every mortal bliss ;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you
more.



VERSES,

MAKING PART OF AN EPITAPH,

ON THE SAME LADY.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE IV.

(Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.)

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, 1725 *.

AS the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast;

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know:

* First printed in Mr. West's translation of *Pindar*.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the poetical history.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,

Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood :

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight :
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd ;
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful
flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame ;

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire :
Their race by mettle sprightly courses prove ;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid ;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
 Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
 How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
 By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
 Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
 First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
 And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning
 light.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
 As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

From this bright æra, from this prosperous field,
 The Roman glory dates her rising power;
 From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to
 wield,
 Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
 ' Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
 Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
 Whom to elude and 'scape were victory;

A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
 Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
 Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,
 Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore:

As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
 Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
 Draws health and vigour from the wounding
 steel.

Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
 So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
 Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
 Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
 Brighter she rises from the depths below:
 To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
 Recruits her strength, and foils the wonder-
 ing foe.

No more of victory the joyful fame
 Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
 Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
 With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
Which Power Divine guards with propitious
care,
Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous
storm,
Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful
war?"



VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE
 COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
 Happen'd to cross each other's way;
 Said Virtue, 'Hark ye! madam Fame,
 Your ladyship is much to blame;
 Jove bids you always wait on me,
 And yet your face I seldom see:
 The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
 Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
 Ambition ties you to her car.'

Saith Fame, 'Dear madam, I protest,
 I never find myself so blest
 As when I humbly wait behind you!
 But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
 In such obscure retreats you lurk!
 To seek you, is an endless work.'

' Well,' answer'd Virtue, ' I allow
 Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
 I know (without offence to others)
 I know the best of wives and mothers ;
 Who never pass'd an useless day
 In scandal, gossiping, or play :
 Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
 Is lively cheerful innocence ;
 Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite,
 Whose duty is her sole delight ;
 Nor rul'd by whim, nor alave to fashion,
 Her parents' joy, her husband's passion.'

Fame smil'd, and answer'd, ' On my life,
 This is some country parson's wife,
 Who never saw the court nor town,
 Whose face is homely as her gown ;
 Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—'

' No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
 I beg you'll let me set you right—
 'Tis one with every beauty bright ;
 Adorn'd with every polish'd art
 That rank or fortune can impart ;

'Tis the most celebrated toast
 That Britain's spacious isle can boast ;
 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
 'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame.'

ADDITION,

EXTEMPORE, BY EARL HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—strait replied,
 ' First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride ;
 My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
 Her modest praise the world around ;
 But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
 A Muse to sing her face, her mind ?
 Believe me, I can name but one,
 A friend of yours —'tis Lyttelton.'

LETTER TO EARL HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your Lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such **EXTEMPORE**, it is well for other poets that you chose to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
 With countenance serene and sweet,
 The Muse, who, in my youthful days,
 Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
 She smil'd, and said, ' Once more I see
 My fugitive returns to me ;
 Long had I lost you from my bower,
 You scorn'd to own my gentle power ;

I

With me no more your genius sported,
 The grave Historic Muse you courted;
 Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
 Pursued Urania through the skies;
 But now, to my forsaken track,
 Fair Egremont has brought you back:
 Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
 That soft, that pleasing path, to tread;
 For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
 E'en Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 Lo! to my flowery groves and springs
 Her favourite son the goddess brings,
 The council's and the senate's guide,
 Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
 He comes, he joys with thee to join,
 In singing Wyndham's charms divine:
 To thine he adds his nobler lays;
 E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
 Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 His fame with burgess or with cit;
 For sure one line from such a bard,
 Virtue would think her best reward.

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The first indeed I ever made,
For writing odes is not my trade :
My head is full of household cares,
And necessary dull affairs ;
Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the sky
Was e'er more ungallant than I ;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whose charms, I know not how,
Have power to smooth the wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature stupid,
As brisk, and as alert as Cupid.
These obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch shall brighter burn

Than when you first my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myself your lord,
But am (as witness this my hand)
Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are such a judge of style,
To think that he these verses made,
Without an able penman's aid :
Observe them well, you'll plainly see,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.



ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wonder-
ing ear

Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
According to seraphick voices, sung
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON THE EARTH
PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO MEN!—Resume the
lyre,

Chauntress divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgécumbe turn'd their eyes;

‘ That place is mine,’ great Neptune cries :
 ‘ Behold ! how proud o’er all the main
 Those stately turrets seem to reign !
 No views so grand on earth you see !
 The master too belongs to me :
 I grant him my domain to share,
 I bid his hand my trident bear.

The sea is yours, but mine the land,’
 Pallas replies; ‘ by me were plann’d
 Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
 That fort, which crowns those island rocks :
 The lady too is of my choir,
 I taught her hand to touch the lyre ;
 With every charm her mind I grac’d,
 I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste.’

‘ Hold, madam,’ interrupted Venus,
 ‘ The lady must be shar’d between us:
 And surely mine is yonder grove,
 So fine, so dark, so fit for love;
 Trees, such as in th’ Idalian glade,
 Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade.’

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
 Each Nymph alledg’d her lawful claim.

But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate :
 ‘ Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
 That dwelling his or her’s may call;
 I made Mount Edgumbe for you all.’

}



INVITATION

TO THE

DOWAGER DUTCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which Envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred : Come, and love
 That nation which you now approve,
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her Harvey's heart.

TO

COLONEL DRUMGOLD

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's
shore

Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that Franceshall borrow all thy fame—
From British sires deriv'd thy genius came:
Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask;
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To clothe the spirit of the British lays.

Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shall raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing ;
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ;
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd ;
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd ;
 By pride unsullied, genuine dignity ;
 A noble and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn :
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own ;
 And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH

ON

CAPTAIN GRENVILLE*;

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
 If, since your all-accomplish'd Sydney fell,
 You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
 A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
 Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth,
 Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
 To such heroic warmth and courage join'd;
 He, too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
 For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
 Like him, possess'd of every pleasant art,
 The secret wish of every female's heart:
 Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
 He, unrepining, FOR HIS COUNTRY DY'D.

* These verses having been originally written when the Author was in Opposition, concluded thus:

" But nobler far, and greater is the praise

" So bright to shine in these degen'rate days:

" An age of heroes kindled Sydney's fire;

" His inborn worth alone could Grenville's deeds inspire."

But some years after, when his Lordship was with Ministry, he erased these four lines. See *Gent. Mag.* Vol. XLIX. p. 601.

ON

GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT ETOM SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
 Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
 A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
 And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
 Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
 Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
 Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
 What is the thing in which you most excel?
 Hard is the question, for in all you please;
 Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
 Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
 For none can envy him whom all must love.
 This magic power can make e'en folly please,
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
 And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

SOME

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO

ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,

IN ARIOSTO.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
 Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
 He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
 Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
 Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see:
 Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
 To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

' A wondrous thing it is,' the Saint replied,
 ' Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
 An airy essence, not to be descried,
 Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

From earth each day in troops they hither come,
 And fill each hole and corner of the Moon;
 For they are never easy while at home,
 Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
 For fear they should evaporate again;
 And hard it is a prison to invent,
 So volatile a spirit to retain.

Those that to young and wanton girl's belong
 Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the
 glass :
 But those that have below been kept too long
 Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas !'

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,
 As of each vessel he th' inscription read;
 For various secrets there were brought to light;
 Of which Report on earth had nothing said.

Virginities, that close confin'd he thought
 In t' other world, he found above the sky;
 His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
 Which made him swear, though good St.
 John was by.

But much his wrath encreas'd, when he espied
 That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear:
 ' Ah, false and treacherous fugitive!' he cried,
 ' Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here.

Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
 Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
 Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
 And thou already from thy post art flown.'

' Be not enraged,' replied th' Apostle kind—
 ' Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right,
 Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
 Carry it ~~THITHER~~ whence it took its flight.'

' Thanks, Holy Father!' quoth the joyous Knight,
 ' The Moon shall be no loser by your grace:
 Let me but have the use on't for a night,
 And I'll restore it to its present place.'

to

A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE

TRAGEDY OF VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
 What power the gods have to your sex assign'd:
 Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state:
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
 But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
 Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind,
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
 Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
 And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
 A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true,

In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
 Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
 His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
 Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
 Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

* * Hence may we learn, what passion fain
 would hide,
 That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied.
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 If angry Fortune on their union frown :
 Soon will the flattering dreams of joy be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
 Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain ;
 And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 Does but augment the anguish of their grief :

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 56; but as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more proper to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.'

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whose bliss Misfortune never may allay,
Whose fondness never may through care decay;
Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
And force each modest beauty into sight!
So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!



ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
 And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove,
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
 To place some meaner idol in her shrine?
 O task, for feeble Reason too severe!
 O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!
 Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight
 They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?
 Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming
 sound
 Seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
 To the soft notes of elegant desire;
 Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
 Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,
 'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

INSCRIPTION

FOR A

BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK:

DESIGNED TO BE SET UP IN A WOOD AT STOWE, 1732,

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS. FROM TIBULLUS.

(SENT TO A FRIEND, IN A LADY'S NAME.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
Alas! I only wish for health again,
Because I think my lover shares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

SULPICIÀ TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit ;
Myself I torture, while the world I cheat ;
Though Prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame ;
Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine :
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide ;
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.



CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

(*Quid queri, Labiene, jubes, &c.*)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire,
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire?
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
 Or basely live, and be a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay;
 If impious force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain;
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
 And right, dependant on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will;
 This is his voice, be this our oracle. }

When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,
There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole ;
And chief his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul ?
Where-e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair ;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told ; he needs not tell us more.



TO

MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS

POEM OF LEONIDAS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples, drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,

Where mean self-interest every action guides,
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides ;
 Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
 Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
 That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
 That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,
 In council insolent, in action tame!
 Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state ;
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
 Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare?
 Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
 The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
 Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
 The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
 Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
 Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?

On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
 With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
 And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
 Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
 Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
 Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
 A calm spectatress of the general fate;
 Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
 Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
 O let us seize the moment in our power,
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
 No later term the angry gods ordain;
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
 The native majesty of freedom shines,
 Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove
 My heart not wholly void of public love;
 Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
 But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
 With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

TO
WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.
ON
HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION,
IN THE YEAR 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.



PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
 For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd,
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
 He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
 Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
 Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it; but our tears may tell.—
 O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
 O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
 O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
 Where will you find another breast like his?

Such was the man—the poet well you know :
 Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe ;
 Oft, in this crowded house, with just applause,
 You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws ;
 For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught
 lyre

None but the noblest passions to inspire,
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
 Another laurel add, to grace his tomb :
 Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
 Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
 Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
 From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
 With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
 Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
 If to those friends your kind regard shall give
 What they no longer can from his receive ;
 That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
 May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPILOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERICK.

YOU, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
 In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiass'd sit,
 The PALATINES and guardians of the pit;
 If to your minds this merely modern play
 No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
 If FUSTIAN here, through each unnatural scene,
 In STRAIN'D CONCEITS SOUND HIGH, and NO-
 THING MEAN;
 If LOFTY DULLNESS for your vengeance call;
 LIKE ELMERICK JUDGE, and let THE GUILTY FALL.
 But if simplicity, with force and fire,
 Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire;
 If, like the action which these scenes relate,
 The whole appear irregularly great;
 If master-strokes the nobler passions move:
 Then, like the KING, ACQUIT US, and APPROVE.

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

ON A VIEW FROM AN ALCOVE.

—————VIRIDANTIA Tempe!
 Tempe, quæ sylvæ cingunt superimpendentes.

ON A ROCKY FANCY SEAT.

————— Ego laudo ruris amœni,
 Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque,

To the Memory of
 William Shenstone, Esquire;
 In whose verses
 Were all the natural graces,
 And in whose manners
 Was all the amiable simplicity,
 Of pastoral poetry,
 With the sweet tenderness
 Of the elegiac.

ON THE PEDESTAL OF AN URN*.

Alexandro Pope,
 Poetarum anglicanorum
 Elegantissimo dulcissimoque;
 Virorum castigatori acerrimo,
 Sapientiæ doctori suavissimo,
 Sacra esto.
 ANN. DOM. MDCCXLIV.

ON A BENCH.

Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
 Modo in tenace gramine;
 Labuntur altis interim rivis aquæ;
 Quæruntur in sylvis aves:
 Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus
 Somnos quod invitet leves.

* A Doric Portico in another part of the Park is honoured with the name of "Pope's Building," and inscribed, *Quiesci et musis.*

ON THOMSON'S SEAT*.

Ingenio immortalī
 Jacobi Thomson,
 Poetæ sublimis,
 Viri boni ;
 Ædiculam hanc, quem vivus dilexit,
 Post mortem ejus constructam,
 Dicat dedicatque
 Georgius Lyttelton.

* A very handsome and well-finished building, in an octagonal line.



LINES WRITTEN FOR

A MASQUE OF CHILDREN

AT HAGLEY;

TO BE SPOKEN BY A LITTLE GIRL IN THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MAB,
TO LORD TEMPLE.

(Never before printed in his Lordship's Works.)

BY magic wheels through air convey'd,
I come from Kew's mysterious shade;
Where perch'd on Stuart's ample wig,
With dark designs, and councils big,
I've sent the Lord of Luton-Hoo
The man of Hayes again to woo:
For, though it be my first delight,
To wing the silent gloom of night;
Or, falling down th' Arabian breeze,
Drink fragrance from the spicy trees;
Or, where light's spangling insects glow,
Pinch the love-dreaming maiden's toe;
Yet, sometimes led to nobler things,
I sport with kingdoms and with kings.
One fatal touch of this dread wand
Breaks the white staff; or, from the hand

Of high ambition, strikes the seals,
 And o'er the nation terror deals.
 Not all the eloquence of Pitt,
 With all your Lordship's nervous wit,
 Can quell the force of wily charms,
 Which withers power, and fear disarms.
 And now, great Lord, you've felt my sway;
 Observe, from this propitious day
 I've mark'd you mine; and on your head
 Fresh streams of glory will I shed.
 Renown and pow'r attend my voice;
 For each has heard my boasted choice,
 And each approves: then haste, be great,
 Rule and uphold our sinking state.



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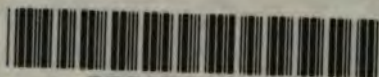
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